☞All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving name and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

THE LANDLORD'S VISIT.

Old Widow Clare,
In a low-backed chair,
Sat nid-nid-nodding;
While over the road
Came Farmer McCrodo
A plid-plid-ploddding.

It was cold and snowing, and the wind was blowing
At the rate of a hundred miles an hour;
While the farmer was fretting and his countenance getting
Each moment more angry, forbidding and sour.

"She pays no rent, although I have sent
To her time and again for the money;
And now we shall see what she'll say to me,
For the thing has long ceased to be funny."

Thus he muttered aloud, while the snow like a shroud
Enveloped his burly old figure completely;
And 'twas dark, but not late, when he entered the gate
Of the tenant he was going to astonish so neatly.

Disdaining to knock, he groped for the lock,
And had already planted one foot on the sill,
When, just by a chance, he happened to glance
Through the window, and his heart for a moment stood still.

He saw a woman nodding in a low-fashioned chair;
Her face was sad and wrinkled, while silvered was her hair.
A large and well-thumbed Bible on her lap half-opened lay,
And a cat was softly purring in a sympathetic way.
A scanty pile of fagots, in the fire-place burning low,
Lit up the room at intervals, and cast a mellow glow
O'er the kindly aged face, like the nimbus we are told
Which used to hover round the foreheads of the martyred saints of old.
And the landlord drew up closer, that he might the better look
On the plainly lettered pages of the unfamiliar Book;
And the verse he dwelt the longest on, then I read it through again,
Was: "Blessed are the merciful, for mercy they'll obtain."

Now why he forebore to push open the door
The farmer could offer no clear explanation;
Yet in spite of the storm, his heart had grown warm
As he stood gazing in with a strange fascination.

Then after awhile a queer sort of smile
Lit up his brown face now and then;
And when, at the last, he turned round and passed
Out into the snow-covered highway again,

The smile was there still, and continued until
He found himself facing the small village store.
Though business was dull, the room was quite full
Of hard-working men whose day's labors were o'er,

And all lazily sat round the stove for a chat,
Each comfortably resting his head on his hands;
But they rose in affright, and their faces grew white
When the farmer burst in and poured forth his commands.

"Just fetch me a sack, or a bag, and mind
It's the largest and strongest that you can find.
Now put in some 'taters—a peck will do;
A package of flour, and some turnips, too;
A piece of pork, wrapped good and strong,
A nice smoked ham don't be so long!
Now throw in a couple of pounds of tea—
No, I won't be stingy, make it three.
Say, you over there, just stop your staring—
Do you think I'm a lunatic out for an airing?
Some pepper and salt, and sugar, too;
'Do I want 'em mixed?' I'd like to mix you!
Some crackers and cheese, dried peaches and snuff;
An' I reckon as how you hev got 'bout enough.
Just gimme a lift—there, that is all right;
Charge 'em to me; and now—good-night!"

So back o'er the road he went with his load,
Tossed, like a ship in a storm, to and fro;
But the heart of the farmer was very much warmer,
And that makes a great deal of difference, you know.

Arriving once more at the old cottage door,
He peered through the window, and saw with delight
That good Widow Clare still slept in her chair,
Unconscious of what was transpiring that night.

He never quite knew just how he got through
That low, narrow door with the load on his back,
Nor how he was able to reach the small table
And noiselessly lay down the burdensome sack;

But in less than a minute, every single thing in it
Was spread out before him in tempting array.
The turnips kept still, as they seldom will,
And not even a potato rolled off and away.

The old cat looked wise, and puffed up twice her size,
But seeing no harm to her mistress was meant,
She resumed her deep thinking, and her gray eyes were blinking,
When at last from the room the strange visitor went.

And now, once again, he pressed close to the pane,
And endeavored to picture the widow's surprise;
While it wasn't the snow, as you and I know,
That he brushed once or twice from his eyes.

Then Farmer McCrode
Went back o'er the road
A plid-plid-ploddding;
While still in her chair
Sat old Widow Clare
A nid-nid-nodding.

—*De Witt Clinton Lockwood, in Christian Union.*

OLD TIME CHEER.

The Mammoth Fire-Places of Our New England Ancestors.

Interesting Account of the Improvement in Stoves—When They First Came into General Use—The Old-Fashioned Ovens, Etc.

The improvement in stoves have been as marked in this century as those of almost any other invention. Indeed, in New England homes, the stove was an unheard of luxury prior to 1800. In fact, it was very little known before 1830. Benjamin Franklin was the first American who experimented on the improvement in stoves. As early as 1745 Franklin made his experiments, and succeeded in making marked improvements on what was then known as the "Holland" stoves. This stove was an iron box made of five plates and fastened together by screws, leaving one side open. The open side was set outside the room, the stove itself projecting through the partition. Dr. Franklin's invention, which, as we have suggested, was a great step forward, was a rectangular box of cast-iron plates, open in front except near the top, with a sliding shutter by which the whole might be closed entirely or in part, either for safety or for increasing the draught. The hearth projected in front and was cast with double ledges to receive the edges of the upright plates, and also with a number of holes—one in the front part with a regulating valve for admitting air to the fire from an air flue below, when the shutter was down; one behind the first upright plate in the back for discharging the air brought under the hearth from without into a narrow rectangular box, as long as the width of a stove, and as high, excepting the space for the smoke flue over its top; and, lastly, three holes near the extreme back edge for the smoke, after it had passed over the air-box and descended behind it, to enter the flue leading into the base of the chimney. The air-box at its sides was furnished with holes through which the heated air was admitted into the room, and a succession of shelves, one above another, was provided in this box, reaching not quite across, by which the circulation of the air was extended, and it was longer exposed to the heated surfaces before passing out into the room. The back plate of the stove, heated by the descending smoke flue, imparted heat to the air between it and the chimney, the stove standing a little out from the wall. A register of sheet-iron was introduced in the descending flue, which could be closed wholly or in part, and check the fire to any considerable extent. This stove embodied the principles of the modern air-tight stoves. This stove was ornamented in front with a representation of the sun, near which were the letters Alter Idem, intended for the name of the stove. Twenty-five years later, in 1771, Dr. Franklin brought out another invention, and from that time to this improvements have been made in heating and cooking stoves and ranges, though the improvements have been more marked for the past quarter of a century than for all time before.

We do not suppose there were a dozen stoves of any kind in Hartford, and we might safely say in Connecticut, previous to 1825. All of our older citizens remember when stoves first came into general use, and remember how the heating and cooking were done previous to that time. Almost any one of them can tell you about those old-fashioned fire-places, where huge logs were piled up during the cold winter months, and about which, in a semi-circle, sat the family and visitors, if any. Many of these fire-places were of such huge proportions that they would accommodate a ten-foot log, coming from the butt of a big tree. It would almost require a yoke of oxen to draw it into place. Still there was room for the smaller cuts with which to make the monster "back-log" burn. And, in those loosely-built old houses, with their many drafts of cold air, even a fire of these proportions was insufficient in the coldest weather. That portion of the body nearest the fire might be warmed to a degree suggestive of the punishment laid out for the wicked, while the other portion of the anatomy was as cool as the interior of a patent refrigerator.

In extreme cold weather, however, the unequal temperature was equalized in one place, and a comfortable arrangement secured, by the old-fashioned "settle." This roomy seat, with a high, protecting back to shield the occupant from the cold draft, was drawn up in front of the fire, and took the heat without the chill. The "old folks" and the children had that choice place. The old clay pipe was there brought out by "grandfather."

But those wide-mouthed fire-places required chimneys of such great size at the base that it necessitated houses of correspondingly ample ground dimensions. In the chimney places were ovens of huge proportions in which nearly all the baking was done. Under the oven was an "ash hole," into which all the ashes made during the winter were dumped, aggregating several cart-loads. These wood-ashes were valuable for enriching the soil.

As the winter holidays approach, the good housewife of to-day looks ahead with cheerful serenity, relying with confidence upon the improved appliances for warmth and cooking purposes, to make the coming festal days full of pleasure and enjoyment. The housewife of one hundred years ago, and even of fifty years ago, looked forward to the approach of such occasions with pleasure, to be sure, but not unmixed with dread at the magnitude of the work to be performed. To be sure her blooming and buxom daughters could be relied upon to help her, and on the principle that "many hands make light work," the day usually passed with no drawbacks to affect the full enjoyment of the occasion.

The big oven heated to the proper degree, was, of course, a necessary adjunct to a successful dinner. Here the pies—mince, apple, squash and pumpkin—were baked. Here the old-fashioned Indian-meal pudding, sweet as sugar or molasses could make it, and often as dark as the ways of the politician, was done to a turn, the top crisp and brown; here, too, was baked the omnipresent chicken pie, with the orthodox opening in the center to let out the foul gases, which, if confined, would excite a revolution in otherwise peaceably inclined stomachs. Then those huge loaves of bread with the crust sufficiently browned to make them appear tempting were slid out upon the table from the wide blade of a long iron-handled "slice." Sometimes meats, chickens and turkeys were roasted within the walls of the oven, but for lack of basting conveniences, meats were usually roasted in front of the fire, suspended by a wire fastened to the ceiling. Pigs could be roasted in the oven well enough, perhaps, but even these little quadrupeds could be handled to better advantage in front of the blazing logs. On festal occasions it was not an uncommon thing to see the Sultan of the turkey roost, properly dressed and stuffed with appetizing viands, hanging in front of the fire, with a dripping-pan on the hearth directly under him, flanked by chickens on one side and a roasting pig on the other, all with their sides browning under the influence of the heat. Ever and anon the bustling housewife could be heard telling Johnny to turn the turkey, or to Ellen to give the chickens a whirl, and to Billy to move the pig; while the good lady herself would come along with the basting spoon and give them each a gravy bath from the dripping-pans. The older people have heard grandma tell all about the "good old times," and while none of us would care to go back to those methods of cooking, which are now considered somewhat primitive, although in the recollections of our living elders, we never close our ears to the stories of how the old folks used to do—how they used to get along without stoves, without coal, without matches.

An old gentleman—one of our oldest and most respectable citizens—says that the fires in the old fire-places were perpetual—never going out from one year's end to another. By covering the live embers with ashes upon retiring, a good fire was sure to be found in the morning. To be sure, the tinder-box was at hand, but was seldom called into use. In the absence of the tinder-box, however, in case the fire went out, it was customary to hie away to the nearest neighbors to borrow a little fire.

The school-houses also had to be warmed by fire-places and back-logs, and the "big boys" had to take turns in keeping the fires in trim. About the first stoves in Connecticut were called "shoemakers' stoves." They were oblong square in shape, being two or three times as long as they were broad or high. When they came to be used for heating church buildings, school-houses and public halls, they were made long enough to take in four-foot wood.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

CONFIDING IN WIVES.

Many Reasons Why a Husband Should Make His Wife His Business Confidant.

It is equally important with teaching wives business methods to confide to them a knowledge of the husband's business affairs. Some men go farther than this, and consult their wives about their business. Women have a quicker, sharper instinct than men, and reach conclusions instinctively, that are apt to be right. Hence, men who consult with their wives, often count themselves fortunate, when they have taken their advice. But where this is not done, it is always wise to keep the wife informed as to her husband's business. There are many reasons for this.

1. It enables her to know how to regulate family expenses. Many men have been utterly ruined because of the mistaken impression of their wives as to their business. The supposition was encouraged that the husband was prosperous and could afford a certain range of outlay, and the wife felt entirely justified in making it. In point of fact, he was not able to afford it, and weakly concealed the real facts from the wife. Thus, she innocently contributed to his downfall, when, had she known the truth, she would have aided him to curtail expense, and so succeed in business. It is rarely the case that women are recklessly extravagant. On the contrary, they are apt to be conservative and saving where that is needed.

2. The wife is deeply concerned in the success of her husband. Her happiness and welfare depend upon it. In such a case she evidently can co-operate, if she intelligently understands his situation. Men depend very largely for their success in life on the home influence. It cheers and sustains in the hard struggle with difficulty, or it depresses and discourages. And when the wife knows nothing, but only sees anxiety and care, without knowing the reason, she is apt to partake of the anxiety, without knowing just how to relieve it. Home is where the struggling business man must get his inspiration and courage. And the wife can only intelligently impart it when she knows just what the demand is.

3. The uncertainty of life and the liability to accident are special reasons why the wife should know of the husband's affairs. It may be that she will be compelled to suddenly care for herself, and out of his property or business, find an income. If she knows nothing, this is nearly impossible. With such knowledge, she is prepared for emergencies.

Thus there are many and cogent reasons why the wife should be a confidante in her husband's business. It seems, indeed, strange that there should be occasion to refer to this subject. By marriage the two are one in all the essentials of interest. Their relations are close and sacred, and their interests are identical. But it is, nevertheless, true that men in mere thoughtlessness, fail to confide to their wives a knowledge of their business. The reason is an impression that they either care little or have no aptitude for business. But this either is not the case or should not be. If they do not know, teach them, and one way of doing this is to inform them of your business. By so doing they are being prepared for emergencies that none can foresee, and for which it may be important to have them prepared.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A MAHOGANY LOG.

An Exceptional Piece of Lumber Which Was Worth $3,000.

"A larger quantity of mahogany is being received here this year than any other variety of foreign wood," said a well-known importer. "It is becoming fasionable to use mahogany in almost every kind of fancy and ornamental wood-work, and in the manufacture of furniture and other articles of ordinary use it has taken to a great extent the place of black walnut. This fall, especially, the partial failure of the sugar crop has stimulated the shipment of mahogany from Cuba and Mexico, from which place the wood in this country principally comes. Very little comes from South America."

"What does it bring in the market here?"

"It is one of the most uncertain commodities that we import in respect to price, and cargoes vary in value from eight to twenty-five cents a foot, these being the ordinary limits. Sometimes, however, a single log will bring a hundred times as much as this. In its rough state a log can only be judged by its exterior and some idea can be formed of the quality of the wood and the pattern of the grain in this way. Its commercial value depends principally upon its pattern. Experts frequently experience great difficulties in judging of the value of a log, and the buyer often strikes a big bonanza in this way most unexpectedly. Last week a log was sold on shipboard to a man for $50. We gave him $80 for it a quarter of an hour afterward, and have since cut $3,000 worth of strips from this single log. The beauty of the pattern was not discovered till we began to cut it. It is not very often, however, that so valuable a prize is drawn."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

A Dog That Eats Sponges.

Nassau dogs are the most fearful and wonderful productions of nature. They have a wistful, hungry look about the eyes, and an all-gone thin appearance about the flanks that gives them an air of feeding on wind and the air in a dead calm. But we have a dog here on the place that goes a little ahead of anything in the dog line I ever saw. He belongs to the cook, and the boys say they are never sure whether he is a snake or a dog, he is so thin. He is a cur of the currest kind, black and gray, but an affectionate little rascal, and a good watch-dog, for he barks at night on the smallest provocation. His name is Jack. You know down here sponges are as plenty as apples at home. They wash dishes with them, and use them for every imaginable purpose, so there are always bits of old sponge lying about. You might go out in my back yard and pick up a half bushel of them in ten minutes. Well, Jack eats sponges. Of course you will laugh at this; but I pledge my solemn word that I went out into the yard one day and saw Jack eating a sponge, and he seemed to enjoy it. No doubt his idea was to cram himself full of sponge, then go off somewhere and take a big drink of water, and thus swell himself out to a respectable well-fed size. I have respected Jack more ever since.—*N. Y. Times.*

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—A well drained farm improves the health of domestic animals that live upon it.—*Albany Journal.*

—Cows will drink foul water of moderate temperature in preference to very cold water which is pure. Their instinct teaches them this.

—Railroad Cake: One cup sugar, three eggs, four tablespoonfuls sweet cream, one and one-half cups flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda.—*American Agriculturist.*

—There is certainly much pungent heat in one of the capsicum peppers of the true variety. One plant will furnish several families with all the heat necessary for soup, pickles, hot vinegar, etc.—*Boston Globe.*

—An exchange says that a Kansas farmer who had nine head of sheep, put the money that came to him from the sale of mutton and wool into more sheep. In nine years he had 1,700 sheep, worth $5,000.

—Some one has found that by confining a bull by an open window, where he could see people and what was going on, he was tamed and made tractable, where he had been wild and dangerous. He thinks shutting them in close stables alone is the cause of many animals' ferocity.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—There is this element in the stock business, says the *Farmers' Review*, which does not exist in grain growing. It is that the man who produces a choice or fancy grade of beef is paid according to its merits. The same is true of the raising of horses, wool, mutton sheep and, in a less degree, of pork, while the same holds good in horticultural productions.

—Very rich and heavy soils are in most cases inferior to the loamy or gravelly soils for fruit growing. On these lighter soils the trees ripen their wood better, grow less rapidly and give better flavored fruit than those grown on very rich soils. Usually the best fruit lands are those which are naturally light, but which are kept up by a judicious system of cultivation and manuring.—*Troy Times.*

—Bread Pudding: One pint of stale bread, one quart of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and two eggs. Soak the bread and milk together two hours, then mash fine with the back of the spoon; beat eggs, sugar and salt together, and add to the bread and milk; turn into the pudding-dish and bake in a slow oven for forty-five minutes. Run a knife or the handle of a spoon down the center of the pudding. If it does not look milky it is done. Cover the top of the pudding with meringue.—*Boston Globe.*

TOOLS AND CATTLE.

A Veteran Observer's Remarks About the Care and Treatment of Both.

In journeying through the Western States I have noticed a certain kind of economy practiced by dairymen as well as other farmers, in housing farm implements under the clouds of Heaven. It is a broad shelter, but somehow tools do not last quite as long, so housed, as when put under a shingled roof. The clouds do not always hold water. They leak, and the tools get wet. The parts made of iron and steel rust and become rough and run heavily, and wear out quickly, and the wood-work swells and shrinks, and warps out of place, and soon decays, and the tools are rendered useless.

I have often seen costly machines—plows, cultivators, drills, mowers, reapers, and occasionally a thresher, standing by the side of a barn-yard, or where they were used last, and where they will probably remain till wanted for use again. The Western States and Territories are a great country, and they do business there in a large way. The farmers there are great hands for buying tools, and they must needs have a large place to store them, but their broad, unfenced lots are a little too large. Tools would be better off in snugger quarters and under a tight roof, if it be only of boards. Upon asking the owners of these exposed tools why they do not house them I have sometimes been answered that it costs more for buildings to shelter them than to buy new tools. Though such answers may have been sincere, I do not believe they are true. In many of the newly settled localities, lumber is scarce and high, but tools are also costly. The price of one extra mower would pay for lumber enough to shelter all the tools needed for a half section of land for a long series of years, and would save its cost many times over in the preservation of other tools than the mower, to say nothing of loss of time, and trouble and vexation upon finding the exposed implements out of order when wanted for use. For all implements composed wholly or partly of wood with joints in them, hot sunshine and dry winds are nearly as injurious as rain. Clouds may do some good by protecting tools against the sun, but I very much doubt the propriety or necessity of using them to the extent practiced in some parts of the West. I have noticed that the dairymen who shelter their mowers and other valuable tools under the clouds, and stable their cows under the same cover, are always among those who say "dairying does not pay," and who are always having losses in their stock, and a deal of bad luck in other ways. Men who are so oblivious of their own welfare as to suffer heavy losses continually by neglecting to care for their tools, will be neglectful of their interests in other respects as well, and be very sure to be behindhand and always in trouble. On the other hand, there is no better evidence of independence, intelligence, and thrift, than to see a farmer's tools and animals all snugly protected against unfavorable weather.—*L. B. Arnold, in National Live Stock Journal.*

Oysters for Indigestion.

It is not generally understood as it should be that oysters have medicinal qualities of a high order. They are not only nutritious, but wholesome, especially in cases of indigestion. It is said: "There is no other alimentary substance, not even excepting bread, that does not produce indigestion under certain circumstances; but oysters, never." Oyster juice promotes digestion. By taking oysters daily indigestion, supposed to be almost incurable, has been cured; in fact, they are to be regarded as one of the most healthful articles known to man. Invalids who have found all other kinds of food disagree with them frequently discover in the oyster the required ailment. Raw oysters are highly recommended for hoarseness. Many of the leading vocalists use them regularly before concerts and operas, but their strongest recommendation is the remarkably wholesome influence exerted upon the digestive organs.—*Philadelphia Star.*

DYSPEPTIC FARMERS.

How They Disregard the Laws of Health and Bring Suffering Upon Themselves.

A man in fair condition—or a horse, ox, or a dog, for that matter—will live at least forty days without food, and ten days without either food or drink; but not three minutes without air. We can skip a meal or two, or even fast a day or two or more, whenever there are indications that we have "got ahead of our digestion and excretion," without the fear of "starving." This one lesson, if fully appreciated by everybody, and acted upon would save thousands of lives every day. It would extend the average age of life by many years. Every one will admit that we eat too much; but few, indeed, have anything like a correct idea as to the degree of excess commonly indulged in everywhere. If we regard this question in its bearing upon, say the farmers, how many, let me ask, in the hundred make any sort of calculation as to how much food is demanded for so much work? How many take one meal less, or less at either regular meal on the day succeeding an idle day, when, perhaps, by reason of more leisure more has been eaten than on a working day?

Supposing the case of a laboring and well-ncurished man—one in a well-balanced condition; he should eat less when at light work or on half time, and much less whenever he passes a day of entire rest, for less of his bodily tissues have been used, or, perhaps we should say, less of his stored-up nutriment has been consumed, and, therefore, less is required to restore the balance, or, so to speak, make good his vital bank account. In winter, except when working hard in the open air, the farmer should eat less than at any other season of the year. If so working—as in the logging swamp, or when employed in getting out and "working up" the year's wood—he will require more in winter than in summer. He will require more; but supposing that he largely overeats in summer—taking habitually more than would be best for him? Does he do this? Let me take aside almost anyone in the first dozen farm-houses we enter, and question him a little, say in "haying." He will probably show up something of a dyspeptic. Let me say, first off: "I have been there;" have worked on a farm, summer after summer, and know just how to handle my supposititious candidate.

Not only did I observe the prevalence of dyspepsia among farmers and farm hands, but I suffered in my own person from indigestion (dyspepsia), in spite of hard work and out-door air. Beyond question, much of the mischief arises from the time and manner of eating, especially at the most busy season of the year. Farmers work hard at this season and should eat well; but they constantly err in eating when tired, and they resume work directly after eating—two very serious violations of natural law. Again, the farmers' heaviest meal—the mushiest, least chewable, greasiest, and, consequently, least digestible meal and least nourishing meal—is eaten at mid-day, when he is already somewhat tired and very much heated, and when he must immediately resume his hardest and hottest work. There is not a single wholesome feature in this whole process. The farmer could not treat himself worse, except by adding a "nipper" of spirits before the meal and a "pipe" of tobacco after. Of the three transactions, bad as the last two named assuredly are, and always harmful, the meal such as it is and taken under the conditions described is even worse. But this is the custom, and it is kept up without any question or thought as to whether it is precisely wrong or not. So far as the work and the outdoor air are concerned the farmer's life, in summer, is of the wholesomest sort; and if he would breakfast lightly, lunch at noon more lightly (or better still, lie in the shade for an hour), and then at night, a full hour after quitting work, eat the principal meal of the day, and of plain, natural food, he would be the gainer in every way. If he would treat the pork he raises upon the principle of the wise doctor who will not "take his own pills," he would have less occasion for swallowing pills and potions; and if farmers, not only, but people in general, would make themselves somewhat wise in the matter of health-laws—simple and plain as they are—"So simple and plain," says one of the wisest of physicians, "that the people refuse to understand them"—most of the doctors and the druggists would be forced to take to the soil for a livelihood themselves.—*C. E. Page, M.D., in N. Y. Tribune.*

COOKED FOOD FOR SWINE.

It Pays Always to Cook Hog-Food, and Especially in Cold Weather.

The cost of pork is greatly lessened by cooking the food for the hogs. Wormy apples, small potatoes, etc., will pay handsomely for the trouble of cooking. It is the greatest fault of our pork production, that we feed corn almost exclusively. This monotonous diet, rich in oil, must jeopardize health. It is as if a man ate nothing but fat meat or corn-bread. The value of cooked food does not depend altogether upon its nutritious contents. In cold weather much good is done by feeding hogs heated food. It warms up the body, and stimulates the digestive organs to vigorous action. It pays always to warm slops in cold weather. The main reason farmers do not feed more cooked food to their swine, is fancied labor and trouble of preparing it. A good utensil is a large iron kettle, swung upon two poles of sufficiently strong wood. The bail is removed, and a piece of chain, forming a loop a foot long, is passed through each eye of the kettle, and over the respective pole. The poles are placed on forked sticks, set in the ground. The poles should be parallel, and as far apart as are the eyes of the kettle. Place near the kettle a large, light trough, made of two-inch pine boards, which may be situated in a small lot separated from the hog lot by a fence with a small gate. Old broken fence rails make excellent, cheap fuel; they ignite readily, give a quick, hot fire, and soon die down. When the cooking is done, rake the fire to one side, and bring the trough partially under the kettle on that side from which the fire has been removed. Raise the pole from that side out of the crotches, and let it down. This will tilt the kettle on the edge of trough, and most of the food will be deposited in it; the balance is easily scooped out with a board or pan. When only one pole is used, it is difficult to get the cooked food into the trough. After the food has cooled sufficiently, open the gate in the fence, and let the hogs in to the feast. Managed in this way, the labor of cooking a kettle of food can be done in five minutes, and the only expense of making the ration is a few pieces of old rails.—*American Agriculturist.*

STOCK FOR POOR FARMERS.

The Most Profitable Animals for Farmers of Small Means to Raise.

In the great majority of cases hogs are the most profitable animals for farmers of small means to raise. They can get returns from them quicker than from horses, cattle and sheep, and this is a most important consideration. Pigs dropped early in the spring can be made to weigh two hundred pounds each by midwinter, when pork is in the greatest demand. Horses can not be sold to persons who desire them for work till they are about four years old. Few farmers of small means can wait that length of time for pay for their labor and farm products. Calves of the best breeds that have excellent shelter, pastures of tame grass and clover, and plenty of grain, may be put in good condition for the butcher when they are thirty months old. Farmers of small means, however, and especially those who live in a section of the country that is newly settled, have not the facilities for fitting cattle for the market at so early an age. They generally have poor shelters for their stock or none at all. They have nothing but wild grass to furnish pasturage or hay. They cannot easily obtain animals of improved breeds to keep. They may keep sheep to better advantage, as they can obtain money from the sales of their fleeces when the lambs are one year old. They can also sell some early lambs in the fall. It requires considerable capital, however, to get a good start with sheep. The purchase of fifty ewes and one buck calls for more than a poor man who is paying for his place and supporting a family can raise. He can, however, obtain half a dozen sows with pigs, and from them raise sufficient pork to meet his financial wants. Pigs multiply so quickly that the expense of getting a large number is slight. The breed can be improved in a short time and at a small cost.

It costs less to provide suitable shelter for hogs than for any other animals kept on farms. During the season of quite cold weather they require to be kept dry and warm, but shelters may be built for them of very cheap materials. It is not necessary to employ mechanics to put up buildings to protect hogs. The walls may be built of logs, stone, or very cheap lumber. The roof may be covered with straw laid on poles. If the drainage is good no floor is needed. A larger number of farm products may be utilized by feeding them to hogs than to other animals. They will gain during the summer if they have plenty of clover or tender grass. They will eat and derive benefit from all kinds of grain, vegetables, fruit and milk from which no use can be made. They will eat nuts and wild plants, and will devour vermin. Less labor is required to harvest and prepare food for hogs than for other animals. They will dig artichokes as they require them for food. They will shell corn from the cob and eat the heads of all the small grains. They are less particular than other animals about the way their food is prepared. The hog is not a dainty animal.

No very expensive machinery is required on a farm that is chiefly devoted to the raising of hogs. There is no occasion for spending money for thrashing. In sections where corn does well it will be likely to be the leading crop raised for fattening hogs. Only a plow and cultivator are required for raising this crop. It can be harvested by the use of hand tools and fed without being shelled. The same tools are all that are required for raising artichokes or potatoes. The special machinery required on a farm chiefly devoted to the production of wheat will cost more than all the tools needed on a farm of the same size that is devoted to the raising of hogs, and the animals necessary to stock it.

There is little trouble about marketing hogs in any part of the West. There are buyers in almost every town that has a railway station or a steamboat landing. A farmer can change hogs into money quicker than he can wool. Hogs can be slaughtered, packed and held for a rise in the market much easier than beef or mutton. Beef and mutton bring the highest price when they are in the fresh state, but pork brings more after it is cured. Nearly every farmer who desires and has the means to do so can sell his hog products at home directly to consumers some time during the year. The practice of selling nearly all the hogs in a neighborhood alive as soon as they are fattened and of taking them to some large city to be slaughtered and packed, has become so common that there is rarely pork enough left in a hog-raising district to supply the inhabitants. Every spring and summer large quantities, not only of lard, hams and bacon, but pickled pork are sent from this city to the districts from which the hogs that produced them came. Many farmers who have the means to wait six months will in many cases be large gainers by slaughtering their hogs, curing the meat and trying out the lard and keeping them to supply the local demand; which will be brisk in the course of a few months after the time hogs are ordinarily sold. — *Chicago Times.*

ICE-HOUSES ON THE FARM.

If Not a Necessity, Certainly a Luxury, and Very Cheaply Procured.

It is hard to understand why more farmers have not ice-houses. It is a significant fact that wherever a farmer has built an ice-house, he has not allowed it to be unused or to fall into decay. After a man has once had his harvest drink—water, tea and milk—cooled, he is not apt to subject himself to warm drinks again. Ice water is to be condemned; but water cooled by ice is as much more wholesome than warm water as it is more palatable. The coolness imparted by ice adds as much to the palatableness and wholesomeness of food as it does to drink. Ice not only preserves and increases the palatableness of butter, but loss of sweetness certainly indicates loss of wholesomeness; and so with meats and fruits. Ice keeps meat from tainting, thereby keeping it wholesome as well as toothsome. The farmer can not go to the market every morning and purchase fresh meat, and he can not keep meat in summer without ice; therefore the farmer without an ice-house must eat salt pork during hot weather, and that is just what a large majority of us do. Ice will often save meats, vegetables and fruits from spoiling outright. An ice-house robs the swill barrel, but how much it saves for the table is hard to be realized without the aid of practical experience.

I am decidedly of opinion that the apparent indifference of farmers to the claim of ice-houses is due to a mistaken notion of their cost. I have frequently heard my neighbors say that they would have an ice-house if it did not cost so much. Now an ice-house is one of the most economical and cheap things in existence. The materials need cost but a trifle, and the farmer can construct the house himself. If it is desired that the house add to the attractiveness of the property, and is placed where it will be in plain view, then it must be more expensive. But it can be put in some inconspicuous place, or hidden behind trees or vines, in which case the necessary cost of it will be very small.

All that is required is something that will keep off rain, and keep a stratum of sawdust about the ice. The house need not be sunk into the ground. There is no need of double walls. All parts may be of the cheapest materials. Refuse boards, slabs, even poles, will do for the sides; and a roof of boards or clapboards will answer as well as any. Let me describe as satisfactory an ice-house as I have yet seen: It was in a locality where timber was plenty, and the sides were made of poles. These were built up as you would build up a rail pen, being rather deeply notched to prevent rolling, and to make the sides rather close. As they projected out over the cracks, a driving rain did not beat in. The pen was covered over with boards, lapped to form a tight roof, and weighted down with heavy poles. When the ice was put in, an opening between it and the poles a foot wide was left; and, as the pile of ice was built up, the sawdust was packed into this opening. Thus there was no need of double walls. The entire cost of the house—a good-sized one—was not twenty dollars.

There must be good drainage, and the best way to secure this is to make a foundation of broken stones; but these are not necessary. In localities—quite numerous in the West—where stone are not quite readily obtainable, sticks of wood, or rail pieces may be used. Tramp them down solid till you have a layer a foot thick. Then put a layer of sawdust six to eight inches thick upon this, and it is ready for the ice.

The more ice the better it will keep, and there must be a certain bulk for it to keep at all. The minimum bulk that will keep well is twenty-five tons. As a ton occupies about forty cubic feet, you can calculate the dimensions of the house accordingly. A house ten feet each way inside the sawdust will hold twenty-five tons—the minimum amount.

It is very important to pack the ice closely. There must be no crevices. Shape the blocks so that they will fit closely together; cover with a layer of sawdust eighteen inches thick. Then it will require watching in the spring. Even March winds are sometimes so warm that they will melt the ice. As soon as this happens, get on it and tramp it down solid, closing all holes and crevices. When air-holes are allowed to form, the ice will waste rapidly. Ventilation must be provided for. Windows can be made in the gables, or make a projecting roof and leave the gables open. Get the ice from the purest source you can.

The proper time to build an ice-house is now. Have it ready and fill it at your convenience. After you have enjoyed the luxury of ice for one summer, you would not forego it for five times the labor and expense, provided you build an ice-house without going to too much expense to make it a nice house.—*John M. Stahl, in Country Gentleman.*

CALIFORNIA.

The Origin of the Name of the Great State of the Pacific Coast.

What California means no one has been able to definitely settle, but it is generally accepted that the name was first used in a Spanish novelette entitled "Las Lergas de Esplandian," published in 1510, and was there applied to an island "on the right hand of the Indies, near the Terrestrial Paradise." Calistoga has been tortured by some local philogists into meaning cap and gown, but Bancroft asserts that Sam Brannan "made up" the name by taking the two front syllables of California and the two last of Saratoga, joining them, together and adding a central "s" for the sake of euphony. Calaveras is said by some to mean the "true skull" and by John S. Hittell, who has devoted much attention to the topographical names of California, to mean simply skulls. Since calavera is the Spanish for skull, Mr. Hittel has the balance of reason on his side, supposition strengthened by the legend extant—that the Spaniards discovered an old Indian battle-field in that county. It is quite probable, however, that the place was named from a more devout reason and that some pious friar named the place in sacred memory of Calvary. The origin of the name Lodi is quite obscure, although it is very near to Iodo, the Spanish for mud. Ione was probably named so by some poetical admirer of the Nereid, though it would puzzle one to find out where in the world he drew his inspiration. Boca is the Spanish for mouth, but why the little mountain town should so be called is not clear, notwithstanding the ingenious explanation of some German that it has been called Boca because the mouth is the best place for its brew. Unfortunately for this theory, Boca was called Boca long before the brewery was established there. The chances are that some topographical peculiarity is responsible for the name. Boca also meaning a hole or an entrance. Morro and Bolinas, the one meaning pebble, and the other lowliness, are both puzzles, unless one is content to accept them as being named after people. Point Anno Nuevo was, very probably, named so because it was discovered on the first of a new year, and Sonora, it is generally accepted, was so called because the first residents of the place were miners who came from Sonora, Mexico. The wild and reckless burg of Milpitas was perhaps called so because there grew in its neighborhood "mil pitas," a thousand aloes; but Visalia bothers all attempts at explanation. Para so means paradise and was often bestowed by the Spaniards upon any place they thought "heavenly." The correctness with which the old Spanish names have generally been retained is remarkable. The worst modern fault has been that of chopping off the articles, while Los Gatos and the Farallones are about the worst examples of mis-spelling. The first should be Las Gatas, meaning the cats, and the second should be Farrellonos, meaning cliffs in the sea.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—An Ohio farmer shut a hog into a hole in his haystack by mistake, and just thirty-three days later the hog came out on the other side, eighty pounds lighter and a world wiser.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Georgia is expecting a large immigration next spring from England and Canada.